

CANIBUS

HOP-HOP FOR \$ALE



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"It's No Other Than..."

[Canibus]

It's no other than...
It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic
It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic
This gotta be the biggest track I ever touched in my life
Like the club can't breathe cause I'm clutchin too tight
You 'bout to see a live Canibus eruption tonight
Thugs in black, the bitches in white
I got the olive green marine fatigues on for sensitive light
Took my time with the rhyme to build, I'm alive and well
Got that seven figure dollar smell
Take a chance baby, not Chanel
She come check me at the telly in a minute with the longest L
As soon as she got there, the plot got clear
The bitch volunteered brains and she didn't stop there
Hot and fierce, she was not prepared
Pounded her upside down from the top of the stairs
'Til [?] started poppin the airs
She thought it would last forever but I told her I was droppin this year
C'mon

[Chorus: Canibus]

It's no other than... it's no other than...
no other than Canibus on the mic
Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!
It's no other than... it's no other than...
It it, it-it's no other than
Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!

[Canibus]

I can't stay long, I'm on my way to the bank
But while I'm here, I'd like to thank
Canibus supporters, they knew the time
Ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?
(Go 'Bis, go 'Bis) Yo bring it back one more time
And ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?
(Go 'Bis) I bust/bus lines like public transportation
The rhyme always on time when I say shit
I give you far to go, murder the flow
My voice travel like that smell when they burnin the 'dro
On the tour bus they searchin the coach
In the airport they searchin my coat, they say they searchin for dope
"Legal Drug Money" stickers on the back of my bag
The only artifact from my past that I still have
I'm a brand new man, with a brand new plan
Talkin to bitches new tannin in the Cancun sands

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

I play the nine, you play the target
Y'all all know my name, so I guess I just start this
I'm so swift and that's a natural fact
I'm like RIP, I mark a C on your back
Yo, follow me into a, solo
To get the flow.. that you can picture like a photo
They say I'm shallow, I never learned to swim
But they mention my name cause I got the urge to win
Tell me who's your weed man, how you smoke so good
You a superstar baby, why you still in the hood?
Damn! I hate to brag but you know I'm good
If a mic was a gun I'd be 'Bis Eastwood
Bandagin MC's, oxygen they can't breathe
Mad tricks up the sleeve
Wear boxers so my dick can breathe, hip-hop is my drug
I even got a mask and glove to bust slugs, one love

[Chorus x1.5]

Canibus Lyrics

"Back Wit' Heat"

[Canibus]

(Yeah) The-the-the-yeah
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin
That's what they yellin
YEAH... UH, YEAH (the-the-the-yeah)
(The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin)
Yeah, niggaz just don't know, but I'ma let 'em know
(They don't know 'Bis, they don't know 'Bis)
How to flow how to (they don't know 'Bis)
How to go how to, how to..

Yo if I cough in my fist when I opened my hand
there'd be dope in my hand cause I spoke in my hand
In the gym 'til I turn the two-pack, to a four
'Til the four got sore and had to make two more
In a whole 'nother state of mind - Mexican standoffs
Waste lives but they save time
You know the danger, the ranger, pantyhose over
Got basic scopes and lasers, my toaster is a widowmaker
Good things come to those that wait
BULLSHIT! Better things come to those that chase
I sweep the streets with a fleet bigger than the Greeks
'Til we occupy your land like thieves, we fin' to eat nigga

[Chorus x2: Canibus]

I'm back for the music, back to do exclusives
Back to change the view of hip-hop, from that bullshit
Back to mash up beats to bang up your ave and streets
Canibus nigga, back with heat (yo)

[Canibus]

Aiyyo, hot out the box with Nottz, shots just went off
Nigga better check to see if you caught
Shootouts between rap stars drivin fast cars
through the hills of Madagascar, we can take it that far
Screwface you niggaz; yo who's the real rudebwoy rude nigga?
(Not you nigga) You got booed nigga
My close quarter combat not bad
Big niggaz drop dead when I stop they air
You just a man, your relationship with oxygen's clear
Canibus rockin with Nottz this year, yeah
Motherfuckers, your back blast area clear
Canibus rockin with Nottz this year, yeah - bring it

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Aiyyo a slug to the stomach make a thug move sluggish
Crawlin in his bloodiness no matter how big the gun is
If the fuzz is comin, blast shells by the tonnage
'Til there ain't nothin left but start runnin
I got a message 'bout I got a court summons
Everybody around me wants somethin, they all extort NUTTIN
I was young, I was stupid, I was really too hype
Cause I thought a microphone was really worth my life
Go make a club banger, that's what they asked me to do
You a DUMB NIGGA, who the fuck is askin you?
I write a book for ya, Nottz write a hook for ya
We can both split half of what we took from ya
I'm just a 'round-the-way neighbor in your hood fella
You wan' show love, let's break bud nigga
We control the price of rap fuel
I attacked you cause annual tax was do
Four dollars a gallon, we gon' take it back to two
Hip-Hop nigga, that's what we back to do
For you.. for you.. (that's what we back to do)
For you.. for you.. (that's what we back to do)

[Chorus]

[Outro]

The-the-the-yeah
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin..
The-the-the-yeah
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin *[music fades]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Benny Riley"

[Intro]

DJ's, cuttin up beats and stuff like that and
That was my first exposure to the whole, artistry in hip-hop
There is nothing in this music, that I don't wanna hear
There is words, that are kind of syncopated and rhythmic
And there's this hot drum track, it's great!

[Chorus: x2]

"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"
And I could hear, this enormous
"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"
This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear

[Canibus]

Aiyyo! I don't give a fuck, if you gettin some cash
or gettin some ass, if I was there I'd pick up the tab
Talk to a rag, tell you to wipe your stinkin ass
Get back to the lab, make sure hip-hop last
Through death or dishonor, I do this cause I wanna
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma
I'm ready for the encounter like a titty bar bouncer
Or Muhammad at the Mini-Mart counter with four-pounders
Quick Draw McGraw spitter, let me see your hands jitter
I'll hit'cha where the good Lord split'cha
You faggot-ass niggaz are see-through
I treat you like we in the same cell, but I'm Bugsy Siegel
Smack your teeth loose, the street juice
Go to court in cheap suits, givin testimony over beat loops
Take 'em to my hood, show the evil I'm from
They can't blame me for the evil I done, now they see where I run
And why I keep a tight leash on the gun
Why my speech is so revered by the young, cause my spirit is young
A nigga spittin LIKE THAT, got SERIOUS LUNGS
Yo I'm serious SON, he a FURIOUS ONE!

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, the name Benny Riley, the trip took twenty-eight days
from New York to Cali, drivin through alleys
My mom mad at me, my dad laughs at me
My life's a track meet, I need this record deal
Precious, she got the freshest breast-es, and the ass from heaven
36-24-37

She the second broad I ever humped, under a bridge
But she the first broad I ever fucked with in the record biz
Desi told her I was crazy and she called the feds

The bitch didn't know any better, I let her live
She don't know Desi is a greasy fuckin pig
And he's settin me up for somethin he knows I never did
When I see him I'ma put the Smith & Wesson to his head
To change his outlook on life
Maybe I'd show him what it's like to be DEAD
Like the way I look at lyrics, I kill it 'til they DEAD
It's that vivid; got skills to kill the rap business
Got bills to put a contract on the witness if he rat-snitchin
You niggaz in the back, thinkin holds 'til your next actin role
Get buried wit'cha cash and gold
Acts that sold, family of Marlon Brando broke
Shattered hopes, rappers choked, took it like a man though
Benny Riley is the closest thing to Canibus yo
Niggaz just don't be understandin his flow, until the hammer let go
Grab the mic and cold damage the show
Get split with bananas, flows of the Canibus blow

[Chorus]

[Outro]

This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear
And I didn't know it

Canibus Lyrics

"Show 'em How"

Yeah *[echoes]*

[Chorus: Canibus]

They don't know what they fuckin with
They don't know how you bust it 'Bis
They don't know how you comin man
They don't know how you done this shit
Yo show 'em how a brother spit

[over Chorus]

The MC, with the N-O-T-T-Z, yeah!

[Canibus]

Aiyyo Canibus'll spark it for ya, Nottz'll paint the target for ya
Mic Club'll launch it toward ya
This is the beginning of the rest of my life
Rippin the mic, and rippin it right, you listen you like
You dislike you get disciplined with the pipe
Muzzle flashes of light that says goodbye to life
I'm anti-social but humble
I blow a hole in you to get a hello from you! If that's what it come to
A little camera shy, I play the background
Turn the mic on, lock the cage, I attack crowds
Y'all niggaz is just clones that rhyme
From a bloodline that's closer to yours than mine
You ignore the signs, but we all divine
DJ's rewind, MC's distort the time
Sharp enough to read your mind, I can hear your applause in silence
You're fuckin with an awesome talent, yo

[Chorus x2]

[Canibus]

Yo, you gotta call this a comeback, I been here for years
You should thank God for answerin your prayers
The hip-hop hero, off of hip-hop skid row
I rip a show for a beer and a smoke
You know that hip-hop flow that got him clearin both coasts
For that hip-hop show I appear as the host
Used to be the type of MC they was scared to approach
Nowadays I just share what I know, spare what I don't
Might act like I care but I don't, see they want me to share
It's only logical they fear what I wrote
Forty-fives with broken handles go off like roman candles
Ricochetin through your mans and you
They so busy tryin to get an ambulance for you
They ain't notice that a fan was hit too, plannin to sue

They got a lot of anger for you
Introduce you to the anger management crew, with Canibus too
Switch places with the person that was bandagin you
And start stranglin you, and keep stranglin you, yo

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, they don't know how to double 'Bis
They already woulda done the shit, Canibus the original thumbprint
Five MC's, pick one quick
He's usually on the thumb you lift
Yo, y'all fuckin with an awesome talent
I can't be silent, where's the balance?
I'm on some Kanye shit, waitin for my "Spaceship"
Exercisin patience, grindin for this paper
The universal language is love, not hatred
Sex money and drugs, destroy your foundation
That's what I would say, if I had to make a statement
But sex money and drugs, built this proud nation!
Salvation without authentication, false pagans
Bought lawmakers to orchestrate how the law changes
We the new breed of firebreathers, inspire speeches
Got fans fightin in bleachers, they can't keep quiet neither
I wanna team up with the best there is
Bless the mic and address what is, impress the kids
The deep life I live is shallow to sheep
'Til I show a couple scars, let the experience speak, yo

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Dear Academy"

[sampled song "The Awful Truth" by Carole King]

Dear Academy, take note!
I should get, the Oscar vote
If I don't, I'll bite your throat!
Signing off now, quote unquote

[Canibus]

Yo, nominated for being underrated; we made a name for ourselves
but I guess Common was the only one that made it
I clapped when he won his award
Him and Black Eyed Peas and them, we was on the same tour
And DMX too, you my dawg for life (rrrrrrrr)
I feel for you, I wanna see you get yours tonight
Mos Def you on the screen now, followin your dreams now
Me you and Spike Lee used to sit and freestyle
I said two words, they both got bleeped out
If you ever need me again, just reach out
I got poseurs that belong on posters
Pour out all my emotions and double what the gross is
Everybody in the box office know the flow sick
I wanna thank Nottz, the producer that chose 'Bis
Motherfuckers!

[acceptance speech]

I wanna thank my mother, I wanna thank my brother
For makin the film, cause all the support was very important
From the beginning I got fans and, y'know cult members
That never let me down from day one - I'm just inebriated to be here
I wanna thank you all

[Canibus]

Yo, I don't wanna bite nobody's throat, I just want smoke
Yo pass the 'dro nigga; yo, I can't believe
I'm sittin with Don Cheadle, Denzel and Russell Crowe man
Dave Chappelle yo I really liked your show man
Ice Cube, yo he in the next room man
D12, me and them struck a pose man! {shhh, shhh be quiet}
With Slim Shady, yo this must be a omen! {shhhhhhhh shut up}
I think I'm 'bout to go platinum, I'M EXPLODIN! {shhh you're too loud}
I'm a fool man, what I'm 'sposed to do man
Red & Meth, "How High Part II" man
Bokeem Woodbine bump me in his hood all the time
I wanna say peace, I'm a fan of yours brah
I seen Hov' on a hundred foot boat
At the Cannes Film Festival with Sophie and Cope'
And Scarlett Johansson, she was with her man friend
"Lost in Translation," number one smash hit

(And now, introducing, Can-I-BUSSSSSSS!)
Yo, I'm in the game now, I ran "8 Miles"
I ain't the same old nigga with the same style
The lifestyle of Jermaine is my brainchild
Jermaine's really like the black John Wayne (WOW)
Or James Caan, negotiatin some rhymes for the Don
I ain't seen my niggaz in so long (so long)
We did a short film, "4,3,2,1"
It was hot back then when it was new, but
I did this other film, "Gone Til November"
Me and Wyclef was in the trenches together
I did a big movie with him, he put me on soundtracks
Back then, I didn't understand the music business
Every agent found it hard to find me
In the backwoods of Holly, rehearsin my hobby
Shoutout to R.O.C. and State Property
I was inside the beast, shoutout to DMP, peace

[shoutouts]

Killa Khan, Sha, Black & Deco, my nigga Star
Nottz, what? Yeah
Throw shots, spread out your face like Botox
Nigga what?

Canibus Lyrics

"I Gotcha"

(feat. DMP)

[Intro]

I gotcha!

Uh-huh, huh! You thought I didn't see ya now didn't ya? Uh
Uh-huh, huh! You tried to sneak by me now didn't ya? Hehehe
Uh-huh, huh! Now gimme what'cha promised me
GIVE IT HERE, C'MON!

[Canibus]

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, uh, you know it's all terrific
Know it's... yo

[Open/Close]

I just wanna see you pump yo' fists
I don't wanna hear y'all talk no shit
I just wanna get on stage and show the gift
Show the gift...

[Chorus One]

I'm the type of nigga that'll click-click ride wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll smoke that lah wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll bust that nine at'cha
Spit that line at'cha, hit that fi-i-yah

[Canibus]

Yo, aiyyo whattup, God? No love? Odd
You can't sell crack on the block no more
Cause I pulled up, parked, rolled up, sparked
Dogs barked, OH SHIT! NARC's
I Jackie Chan up the wall and sit in the dark
Or go runnin for a jog while I spit in the park
My jigsaw still hard, the metaphors remain sharp
Give you sharp pains through your brain up your slang box
Me and you in the sandbox, with our hands locked
Get the same shit your man with the broken hand got
I bang glock, I been hot
Cocked back Mai Ling from Bangkok [?]
Mind grow, but the fat-ass can sit up front
Your broad that look like trash can sit in the trunk
I'ma fuck 'til I break off chunks
Break off a big chunk of skunk and take off with a blunt
Hit the studio, sometimes I work all day
Still change my voicebox oil every 3K
Step to the stage, throw a sign to the DJ
Everybody screamin out - do what the weed say!

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two]

The type of nigga that'll set up shop wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll pace the block wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll pass the block to ya
Stash the rock for ya, nigga I gotcha

[DMP]

(This is!) The ghetto-ass shit for you baby
The hood love it, so I gotta give it to 'em daily
I'm on the block, like Olajuwon and Ewing
I'm a pimp bitch, by the way, how ya momma doin?
Like Rakim Allah, I'm a "Microphone Fiend"
The fuckin "Last Dragon" like Leroy Green
That Mausberg kicks, rearrange your spleen
Now you on part of the Handicapped, Olympic Team
I got a, deadly disease without a vaccine
It's called {"Get the fuck outta my face before I let this Eagle scream!"}
You runnin game, all I'm sayin is where your fuckin team?
This that dope, somebody [?] and let the lyrics fiend
I'm livin dreams from a stroke of the pen to get the cream
You garbage, I turn the channel when you come on the screen
Flow so pure, cause I'm fuckin with raw
Suited up, booted up, and I'm ready for war
Yo 'Bis, let's get it live, grab the tec-9, what else?

[Canibus]

The glock 9, and the double-axle forty-five
Bend your mental from the beginning to the end
It's connected to the beginning like infinity symbols
I keep it simple, don't wanna offend you
Cause niggaz don't understand what they ain't in to
(Misunderstandin, is still a form of understandin)
But y'all niggaz don't hear me though

[Chorus One + Chorus Two]

[Open/Close]

Canibus Lyrics

"So Into You"

(feat. Juli Ecaro)

This for you girl, you know I love you
Baby

[Chorus x2: Canibus]

I'm so into you
I wanna do so many things to you
I can't talk without mentionin you
And let me tell you what I think of you

[Canibus]

Yeah, my name is, none of your business, let me tell you why I love her
She hot when she in front but she stand behind a brother
She wiggle, her booty jiggle, my finger spreads her middle a little
Let me see what I might wanna get into
I always empower her, tell her that I'm proud of her
Show her I don't wanna make no housewife outta her
Sprinkle her with compliments, but I never shower her
That's the last thing I would do, cause I value love
She give me ounces of love, let me bounce the bum
And when she call my name, I come/cum
If I front she raise up, we fuss fight and break up
Then wake up in the Bahamas after we done made up
She know my psychological make-up
I'm therapeutic with the broad, we keep it raw when we make love
And can't nothin change the trust we have
Wherever we are, we think about the moments and laugh, because

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

When I was on tour, I held the elevator for this broad in the lobby
Seen her later on in the bar, she sat beside me
Said the guy at the front desk recognized me
And told her all about me...
She said I heard you're a rapper, career in the crapper
I know you want some ass, you probably won't give no cash up
You should fill my glass up, tell me 'bout your bad luck
And if I feel sorry enough, I'll give you the sad fuck
I had to laugh, put my hand on my gut
I told her I'd let her have the next grand that I touched
Walked back to the elevator with my hand on her butt
To the bed with the camera in front (MONEY SHOT) cut!
I hopped up and blazed one
Yo the room and tax is paid hun, stay as long as you want
I'll be back in a hour, she said that's what they all say
I know ma, I've been sayin that all day

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

The valet don't remember nothin, he didn't leave the engine runnin
I jump in, don't bless him with nothin
Call up this other ma, she remember I'm comin
I told her I'ma cook, but I'ma just pick up somethin
The fireplace runnin, she layin on her stomach
Nasty english all in her muffin, she love it
She giggle, her booty jiggle, my finger spreads her middle a little
Let me see what I'ma get into again
I told her I don't really like to come through her block
Cause the blueberry drop attract too many cops
Girls hop in the drop, take off they top, my belt buckle pop
They know that I'm hot, can't tell me I'm not
They surrounded the car, six cops
I was holdin up traffic for six blocks, they put me in the shitbox
Look at you now, I can't even come through your spot
And it's messin with my mind, cause I loved you a lot

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Da' Facelift"

[Canibus]

You want a facelift? This what it take 'Bis
A beat that'll make a nigga think an earthquake hit
The blue collar rapper, enigmatic, democratic
Rap-saavy fanatic that can smash any matchup
High with a roach, bring wealth and goggles to my show
My flow glow brighter than any diamond that you know
I walk among you, draw energy from you
The art of Sun-Tzu, he used to bust too
I'm like a Shaolin monk on crunk
Holdin himself up with his thumb on the stump
Get a Hummer for the summer to stunt
And just sit in the front, while my lungs become one with the blunt
Futuristic old schooler, look like JFK Jr
When I shoot up, Jacob the jeweler with a new cut
Can-I-bus, I ain't got what I want yet
How would you expect one of the best, what
I can't get no, grab the mic, niggaz lets go
Tell me who got the best flow, end up with less dough
Open your vest, let your chest show
I'ma open your chest, let your breath go
With a thirty-eight special
Keep it on the low, don't let the press know
Behind the scenes, they put me on death row and won't let go
Brace yourself while I break the chains
My beats bang so hard, they erase the blame

[Chorus x4]

This is full battle rattle, attack you
Salute while I smash you, Can-I-bus bus to blast you 4X

[Canibus]

The hudred bar monster, spit without hawkin up
Smash your whole roster, fuck what it cost ya
Fuck what it cost me, join the army
Smoke Bob Marley, the sergent major honorably discharge me
From my sentimiliar and my hemping sence
Inspiration, why is it only worth ten percent
Another day in the life of Mr. Can-I-bus
MY life too rought for me not to recognize lust
The soldier's back to blow a fuckin hole through rap
I wish they'd let me out the cage and stop holding me back
You might say the only thing holdin me back is myself
It ain't hard to tell what's holdin me back is my cells
I don't make records for girls, I spit for the pearl
But I'm an artist in an ignimant world, world
World class athlete, trained to attack beats

Mixtape smash the streets, try to patch the leaks
Niggaz try to battle me but lose
They got limited views, I remember when I was primitive too
I'd sit and talk with the inquisitive youth
'Cause I be spittin the truth
sometimes I ask 'em, what you listenin to
Lyrical fitness is the proof, let me put you in the booth
Nottz'll play the beat loop
Let me see what you could do
The older advise the younger when they recognize the hunger
I do a couple raps with the mic to get pumped up
Monkey bar sit-ups, blood rush to my head
I write rhymes upside down with an astronaut pen
Spit a hot sixteen and my ten, take it up a notch, then
Lost everything when I'm locked in
You in the kill zone, boxed in
Tried to play jump-rope
With skeets on and got dropped when you hopped in
The last mohican, smoke you in the first season
You don't speak it but it's no secret
Peep it, you light weight like rice cakes
Anybody under twenty-one to touch the microphone is mic bait
Hungry niggaz start to get type faced, that's when the fight breaks
A sixty second rhyme is a nice pace
Work a nigga out 'til he spit out white paste
Tell him he could hide the proof on his face with night shades
You looking for a battle, you came to the right place
This is Mic Club and over here I'm the mic ace

[Chorus x4]

Canibus Lyrics

"Hip-Hop Body Rock"

[chorus]

Hip-hop do that body-rock
Jam on and keep smokin
Hip-hop do that body rock
I've been gone for a while but I'm still in style *[x2]*

[Canibus]

Yea, come on now get on down
Can-I-Bus, back with the hip-hop sound
Twenty years deep in this culture, compulsive
Every day, this was the dream that I wrote with
Outside chillin, b-boys spinnin
Pretending not to notice the supreme choice women
I rep the rude boy, not the dread posse
I a buggy ride with zombies behind me
Turns the lighs up, pick the mic up
Get 'em hyped up lookin for the right cut
I don't write much, but I love to bust
At the crowd 'cause they love the rush
The mark is on my arm, was drawn
To symbolize the art of hip-hop in its rawest form
We could take it to the stage like we goin to war
Both fallin through the crowd, we perform on tour
Come correct with the rhyme, they remember the flow
I was "Gone Til November" six Decembers ago

[chorus x2]

[Canibus]

Every day is a piece of enernity to weed control
That's why rap music feeds the soul
DJ drop needle, I shock people
There's mic doc in the house and he's not legal
Canibis just entered the building yo
If you lookin for the illest, start filming yo
I get a call, slide to Diego
Hit the bay off with something less than a day old
Here's a hot one for you to hold
The super MC, Superbowl, winner takes all
The Fahrenheit, nine eleven, rhyme weapon
The underground give me credit when I'm sound checkin
I feel like it's now or never, the rhyme state clever
When the wisdom teeth grind together
(Go to sleep) I cant go to sleep unless I write something
(Then stay awake) I can't stay awake unless I recite something
I can't recite something without tight substance
When I bust and I leave mothafuckin mics busted

[chorus x2]

[20 seconds of beat playin]

Canibus Lyrics

"Take 'Dat"

(feat. Star Awon & Ike Infa Diamond)

Fake niggaz get rejected auditionin for heart
They auditionin for the wrong part
Nigga you ain't from the hood you got the wrong one
You all soft with no thought all talk
You in the wrong sport
In a golf cart talkin bout you hardcore
With that bullshit 22 you bought from Wal-Mart
My gat bark, bite you like a shark
Right in the heart like a mosquito bite in the dark
You got bit you massage it, I'ma lighten your pockets
Make a withdrawal and take your deposits to split profit
My sawed-off blow arms off
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost
It's your loss; Motherfuckers keep your ears to the streets
Cuz if you raise up get hit in the head with the heat
If you dead you can't eat so don't be a fool and
Try to protect your jewels cuz they can't protect you

[Chorus x2]

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

Uh, murderous mind state is a given
Master of self but a slave to the rhythm
My wolves like dogs say sick 'em man get 'em
My slugs heat seekin if I spit 'em I'ma hit 'em
I'm a marksman spend my free time at the range
Just incase I gotta put one up in your brain
Sit your five dollar ass down before I lay change
I don't believe y'all niggaz, y'all niggaz been lames
One spit flames call a fireman
Sendin these weak motherfuckers to the [?]
Sixteens hit like the bird flu and my word true
I could dial seven digits and get you hurt dude
Remember, A-1 remarkable rhymin
Prozac washed down with Grey Goose and lime and
Niggaz do what I say like Simon
If I got the iron, hands in the air I ain't lyin'

[Chorus x2]

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

The street lights illuminates the crooked runway
 Leadin' us from the one way
Toward a narrow path of 40 odors and gun play
Tryina stay away from the crosshairs when the gun spray
The air will dry your body like salt tears in the sun's rays
 Sorta like we raisin or paper chasin with [?]
 Stayin on a case do a number like 40-1k
Thought of pushin rock like McGrady across the half court
Dribblin the crack while on the post with the black torch
Dumpin off jump shots stackin' up for the black Porsche
Law enforcement officers flash badges like passports
Actin' like we free when we actually being trapped off
My rap keep you runnin' like athletes on a track course
Ridin' with the mac like we saddled up on a black horse
It's like they tryna shackle the very root of my black thought
 Flossin on a broad day ballin out in the off ray
Chevrolet Suburban gold ? chuckas it's all suede

[Chorus x4]

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
 Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

Canibus Lyrics

"Punch Lines"

(feat. Hamza)

[Hamza]

Canibus, Hamza!
Follow us into a new era
Where lyrical content is a MUST!

[Chorus: Hamza]

We cut microphones like, gangsters holdin chrome
Like, Toto you far from home
Like, words spoken wrong will never help you reach excellence
Stop bitin like you got a speech impediment
When will you learn?
Whack lyrics and a hot beat makes your song irrelevant
This is not a movie
I'm a poet so it takes more than punchlines to move me

[Canibus]

Can-I-Bus, your favorite rap star on ice
What I talk on the mic make them call on Christ
As far as the eye can see, gaze out into the wide sea
Look for the island, the island is me
I heard Fat Joe said, I was over in Iraq
He said I was a soldier in lyrical combat
Other people slandered my name but I dodged that
They don't see the missing pieces my thesis provides rap
Under the influence, bang 'Bis music in a Bonneville Buick
I see your face, I'ma crash into it
Lyrically I kick ass, if you don't wanna know don't ask
I might do it pro bono for no cash
The two-handed choke from the hope
turn your brain and skull to sand and salt, sprinkle you on the floor
I didn't wanna rap like that, but I had to
Cause that's what my master would do if he was asked to
The perfect music machine, mechanical being
The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever seen
I did, I do, I does, I am, I will be, I was
The same nigga you love

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, I hope they film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you
And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you
Somebody gon' grab you - try to escape
Hold you down while I perform [?] on your face
Why you sound like that, why you tear the mic down like that
Why you sound so intense when you rap

The airborne attack you can't call off
Breathe exhaust like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford
Drugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to die
They push me harder cause they want me to try
A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech
Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet
I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the streets
Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weak
People layin on the concrete, exhausted from heat
Watchin John Kerry spit over the mic with more beats
This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast
I almost, was in control of all coasts...

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

I get advanced rhymes to quote, they all dope
Tote a lyrical landslide, give me all votes
But I can be as quiet as they want me to be
Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin to me
They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV
They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free
Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is cuffed
Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff
I can ar-ticulate, I wanna participate
But they tryin to hold me back, a black ball number eight
I pick the microphone up and spark the debate
Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate
Jesus Christ! My name should be He-Bus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
But I don't know if I'm right no more
But I don't know if I'm right no more

[Chorus]

[shotgun blast]